1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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V. Julian Linder at Brownville

[Following p. xxxii-E]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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VII. Tony Delegal at Ogeechee Town

[following p. xxxii-G]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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VIII. Woman and baby at Pin Point

[following p. xxxii -H]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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IX. Girl at Pin Point

[following p xxxii-I]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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X. Boy at Pin Point

[following p. xxxii - J]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XI. Lewis McIver, Fisherman at Pin Point

[following p. xxxii-k]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XIII. Alec Anderson at Possum Point

[Following p xxxii-M]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XIVa. Rachel Anderson at Possum Point

[following p xxxii-NN]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XIVb. The Andersons' granddaughter at Possum Point

[following p. xxxii-0]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XIVc. Woods worker at Possum Point

[following p. xxxii-P]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVa. Katie Brown with Flint

[Following p. xxxii - Q]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVb. Katie Brown with pestle and mortar

[following p. xxxii-R]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVc. Cuffy Wilson and granddaughter at Sapelo

[following p. xxxii-S]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVd. Nero Jones at Sapelo

[following p. xxxii-T]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVIIa. Shad Hall at Hog Hammock, Sapelo

[following p. xxxii-V]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVIIb. John Bryan at Raccoon Bluff, Sapelo

[following p. xxxii-W]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVIIIb. Ryna Johnson, her daughter and son-in-law at Harrington, St. Simons Island

[Following p. xxxii-Y]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XVIIIc. Ben Sullivan at St. Simons Island

[following p. xxxii-Z]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XIX. Henry Williams at St. Marys

[Following p. xxxii- AA]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

XXI. Artie and Enoch Jones at St. Marys

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[following p. xxxii-cc]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XXII. Robert Lucas at St. Marys

[following p. xxxii-DD]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

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XXIV. Jim Myers at Mush Bluff Island

[Following p. xxxii - FF]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

754 Her age was uncertain; she was gaunt and sickly in ap-
175 pearance. Her outfit consisted of a dull gray waist with a
• [291 turban to match and a faded blue skirt. Large brass ear-
301] rings dangled from her ears, making her lean face appear still more woebegone. Certainly there was something wrong with the woman, for she dragged listlessly with the effort of walking the short distance from the house.

We inquired about her health but when we asked about the "cunjuh" which had been put upon her, she looked at us distrustfully, saying, "Muh huzbun tell yuh bout dat." With that she left us abruptly.

[291] Soon the man * appeared, a bent figure in ragged blue overalls, with a battered felt hat on his grizzled head. Unlike his wife, Stephen Bryant was talkative and friendly, and he told us readily of his wife's strange predicament. "She
754 wuz cunjuhed by uh own sistuh," he began. "Some days
[593] she all right an kin cook an clean up; den all at once tings git tuh runnin all obuh uh body.[5] Sometimes she fall down an hab tuh be put tuh bed."

We asked Stephen if he had consulted any root doctors [48] about his wife's condition and he said, "I hab monuh dozen root doctuhs tuh uh but dey dohn do uh no good. I keep on tryin an maybe some day I fine duh right un tuh reach duh cunjuh."

In this instance retribution seemed to have come swiftly, for Stephen told us that the sister who had caused the conjure was now "laid up uhsef wid cunjuh, fuh someone cas a spell on huh too."

787 When we asked Stephen if he believed in evil spirits, he
775 nodded in affirmation. "I sees um all duh time," he said.
776 "Dey is lill an wite an hab no head.[54, 55] Yuh nebuh see um till attuh duh sun gone down. Yuh dohn bodduh um none an dey leab yuh lone.

"Deah use tuh be a ole house right pas ours. Ebry night

* *Stephen Bryant, Springfield.*

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

754 789 good luck han tuh weah [6, 12a, c, d] so no udduh root wukuh could hahm uh. Attuh dis duh ebil spell went away an duh woman wuz cuod."

115 One of the interesting characters of the section is Ellen Jones,* better known as "Pipe Ellen" because of a very evident liking for tobacco. The old woman, an ex-slave, claims to be almost one hundred and twenty-two years old and walks almost daily from Springfield to Savannah. Win-

• [291] ter and summer, her frail figure is snugly buttoned into a heavy top coat, so long that the hem trails on the ground. On her white head she wears a dark wool skull cap.

754 "Pipe Ellen" told us that she firmly believed in conjure and in proof of this she related the following instance: "Right yuh in Savannah a uhmun wut claim tuh be muh frien root-mahk me.[15] I ain fraid tuh tell uh name, cuz she dead now. It wuz Flossie Hopkins.

"She fix me wid tuhbaccuh. Yuh see she knowed I lub tuhbaccuh. She wuk a root on me so strong dat she put a big snake in muh bed, an uh could feel tings moobin all tru muh body. I could feel duh snake runnin all tru me.[5, 50] Den I heah a noise an it keep on, so uh say tuh muhsef, 'A snake is in yuh.' I git up an set duh lamp in duh middle uh duh room. Duh snake show up. I close all duh cracks roun duh house, so nuttn couldn git out.

"Nex ting I know dat uhmun wuz knockin at muh doe. Wen I let uh in, she grab dat snake, tro it cross uh shoulduh an walk out.

754 755 789 "Ef uh hadduh kill dat snake, a man tole me, it sho would uh bin Flossie Hopkins. He tole me tuh git a box uh Debil Lye. Denne dug unduh muh doe step an took a bunle uh roots. Deah wuz red peppuh, an sulphuh, an salt, an some udduh kine uh powduh. He sprinkle dis all roun duh place an say I need nebuh be fraid cuz dis would kill any cunjuh put down fuh me." [6]

754 During the course of an interview, which was held later

* *Ellen Jones, rear 1304 Stiles Avenue.*

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

124 114 When we arrived, it was just getting dark. Black masses of trees were outlined against the sky. To the south a shining river curved into shadows. A little wind blowing up from the marsh tasted of salt.

The party was in full swing. Small groups clustered about the open fire, chatting amiably and tending the juicy pork which was slowly roasting on a grill. The light of the fire lit up the shiny black faces and touched here and there on a bright blouse or turban.

115 Uncle Jack, tall, bony-framed and lanky, had worn his usual workaday clothes to the party. His kindly, near-sighted eyes shone with excitement. Uncle Robert, small and spry, had dressed up in honor of the occasion. He was conspicuously proud of his derby hat, neatly brushed and [291] cleaned. It was about two sizes too large and came down to Uncle Robert's ears at the sides and to his eyebrows in front, but, almost new, it gave the old man a certain air of assurance and seemed to make him forget that his brown suit was faded and well worn.

When the opening merriment had somewhat subsided, the crackling of pork fat and the smell of hot yams drew the party around the fire where Uncle Jack and Uncle Robert were exchanging reminiscences of old times. For the most part the others listened, occasionally interjecting a sentence or two.

We asked how long the old men had lived on the island and Uncle Jack answered, "All muh life I lib right yuh on Wilmington Ilun. Bawn yuh an nebuh want tuh lib no place else. I got ebryting I want right yuh."

Uncle Robert, who was eighty-one, about ten years older than Uncle Jack, said that he had come to the island from Clinch County just before the War between the States.

The long journey undertaken so many years ago had made a vivid impression on him. With a far-away expression in his eyes, the old man told us about that trip.

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

SUNBURY

115 322 764 Sunbury Baptist Church, a white frame building set back from the highway against a background of verdant spreading trees. The Bowen family burial ground was to the right of the church and here we discovered that Siras' skill in wood carving was manifested in many unusual markers.

764 322 532 These were wooden images (Plate XII)[A] set on graves that were close together. One resembled a large bird; another represented a snake writhing upon a stand; and the third was the figure of a man, round and pole-like of body, with a head that resembled a ball and rudely sculptured features.[41a] Another Bowen marker was of clay painted yellow; in its surface was roughly cut the outline of an open hand with a small mirror glittering in the palm.

764 Most of the graves were decorated with possessions of the departed persons.[47] There were many glasses, bottles, and vases, most of which had been turned a shimmering purple from long exposure to the sun. For a time we wandered through the little cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the various tombstones.

115 (342) The same day we visited another cabin on the dirt road leading back from Sunbury Bluff. We had already driven past the little two-room shack, painted green, its dark roof patched in many places, when our attention was attracted by a stout, middle-aged woman who was sitting on the porch idly playing with a long, dangerous looking knife. At once we reversed the gears and rolled backward to a stop. Near the woman was seated the husky figure of a young girl. She (291) wore but one garment, a faded green dress which hung raggedly to about the knee. Beneath the skirt were large muscular legs that were twisted about the rungs of the chair. Long, staring yellow eyes looked out at us with disturbing, (302) unblinking fixity. The girl's hair stood out stiffly in a number of tight little braids. She was slowly, laboriously stringing weights on a fish net.

The older woman spoke at first in a grudging, reserved

A. [See Categories 322 & 764, plate following p. xxxii-L--Analyst]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

759 755 aw sizzuhs tuh cut the pain. Once wen I wuz in pain a midwife put a peah of sizzuhs unduh muh pilluh. All of a sudden the pain stop right quick. The pain wuz cut right off." 125

115 Josephine Stephens,* one of the older residents of the island, lived a short distance from Liza Basden. Her house was set back several hundred yards from the highway in the midst of a large field. There was no pathway and in order to get to the house we had to cut directly through the field. As we neared the gate at the front of the house a tall gaunt woman, who we learned was Josephine's daughter, ran to meet us. It appeared that the mother had been ill for some time past and the younger woman had been caring for her.

As we talked with Josephine, the daughter stood in an adjoining room, ironing clothes. She stopped every now and then to take part in the conversation. The two women were utterly different types. Josephine, dressed becomingly in • (291) a blue and white checked gingham outfit, was the antebellum type of Negro. The daughter, tall, thin and dashing, and probably in her forties, represented a more modern era. She had on a blue checked sport shirt, a white skirt upon the surface of which was the dim outline of the trade name of a flour mill, and a pair of shiny black satin bedroom slippers. Her two front teeth were gold and shone and sparkled as she talked. Two large gold hoop earrings dangled beneath her (301) close cropped straightened hair.

"I bin wukin ovuh at St. Simon," she explained to us. "Befo that I had a good job up Nawth. My mothuh git sick tho, an she need me tuh take keah of huh. That's why I come heah an stay. She gittin tuh be long in yeahs an caahn do so well by uhsef."

The mother did not know exactly how old she was but said she had been about fourteen at the close of the War between the States. We questioned her about her recollections of

* *Josephine Stephens, Harris Neck.*

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

helter-skelter about the enclosure. There was some wire fencing, but dogs, cats, chickens, a litter of very young puppies, and an old rooster roamed at will. Sunning themselves against a cabin wall were two old women, and from the windows of another cabin popped the heads of three curious younger women. An open door suddenly gave forth several children, smiling and scantily clad, shining eyes and surprised faces upturned to the strangers.

The two elderly women rose and came forward to greet us. Our guide explained our mission and inquired as to the whereabouts of Uncle Ben Washington, with whom we wished to talk. Aunt Sarah,* who was Uncle Ben's wife, explained that her husband had gone to work in the woods early that morning.

A glance at the dense forest surrounding the little clearing convinced us that Uncle Ben would be unlikely to hear the halloos with which our guides were attempting to summon him.

Just as we were about to abandon the venture a unique figure appeared inside the fence and Reuben Taylor, the older of our guides, exclaimed, "Deah's Uncle Ben now." Uncle Ben** appeared in a long frock coat and high felt hat, carrying a walking stick. It was difficult to understand how he could have worked in such a costume. He seemed young for the eighty-five years he claimed, for he moved about with considerable agility.

As he drew nearer, Aunt Sarah went forward to greet him and the two old people came toward us together. When we again explained about the information we were seeking, Uncle Ben said with grave courtesy that he was glad to have visitors.

Thinking of the precarious journey that lay behind us and wondering how far from the main road this little settlement

* *Sarah Washington, in the pine woods about five miles from Eulonia.*
** *Ben Washington, in the pine woods about five miles from Eulonia.*

POSSUM POINT

342 At length we came upon a neatly kept house enclosed by
351 a wire fence set back from the road. In the distance we could see a bent and stocky figure trudging toward us along the road and this we thought might be Alec. At one side of
[406] the house was a garden; at the other side the sprawling
[415] branches of an old oak tree shaded an iron pump and an ancient black iron pot used for boiling clothes. Chickens
[231] scuttled about the yard and a small black puppy, dozing in the sun, awoke at our approach.

115 On the porch a group of Negroes were seated. A plump, elderly woman, a young girl and two small children watched with interest as we approached.

The older woman was Rachel,* Alec Anderson's wife (Plate XIV).A She scarcely appeared to be the seventy-three years she admitted. Her round good-natured face was framed with a number of tight little gray braids on top of which perched a small brown felt hat. Her green blouse and
• [291] red skirt were worn but clean and her bare brown feet peeped out from under the voluminous skirt. The younger woman was reticent but friendly, and the two children watched the proceedings with wide-eyed concern.

The man we had noticed walking down the road turned in at the gateway, and as we had surmised this was Alec (Plate
[291] XIII).**B He was clad in a pair of faded and torn blue
[416] overalls and a battered felt hat. Thick-lensed brown glasses did not entirely hide amiable, intelligent eyes. With profound courtesy the old man greeted us and started in to chat in a pleasant, unselfconscious manner.

754 "Cose yuh do heah bout cunjuh," he told us. "But I nebuh bodduh much wid dat kine uh ting. Deah's plenty uh folks wut does belieb in it an I hab heah uh strange tings happenin tuh some folks wut hab spells put on um." [15]

Here Rachel interrupted. "I alluz bun muh haiah com-

* *Rachel Anderson, Possum Point.*
** *Alec Anderson, Possum Point.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-N--Analyst]
B, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-M--Analyst]

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Children learn the art of basketmaking at an early age.

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Miss Mary practices her ancient craft.

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Miss Josephine is an avid storyteller. She, like most Sea Island women, continues to wear a headwrap.

[p. 42]

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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A leading member of the community on Wadmalaw Island, Mr. Ted Williams is known for his ability to tell a good story.

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Miss Myma, who has lived her entire life on Wadmalaw Island, befriended the author and introduced her to the ways of the island and its people.

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

142
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Richard Linen reminisces about the past and about how "thing change up now."

[p. 134]

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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(868)

Sea Island children are intimately familiar with the ocean and learn the art of casting and netting as early as the age of three.

[p. 154]

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Sam Polite, the Praise House elder. From the Penn Historical Collection. (Permission granted by Penn Community Services, Inc., St. Helena Island, South Carolina.)

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Susannah of the Oaks Plantation. From the Penn School Historical Collection. (Permission granted by Penn Community Services, Inc., St. Helena Island, South Carolina.)

[Lp 256]

Gullahs and Sea Island Cotton.

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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(Courtesy of Penn Center, Inc. Photograph from Penn Center personal collection.)

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Gullahs working for themselves. (Courtesy of the New-York Historical Society, New York.)

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Laura M. Towne, Dick, Maria, and "seeker" Amoretta, February 1866. From the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture. (Courtesy of the New York Public Library.)

[p. 306]

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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Gullahs and the Carolina Lowcountry. (Personal Collection.)

[p. 327]

[p. 328 is blank]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p. 2]

41 Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Rev. C. C. Brown

MY FATHER WAS BORN A SLAVE

My father was born a slave. He was fourteen years old before he had a shoe on his foot. And across the hills of South Carolina you could track him. They had big snows in the winter, and he wrapped his feet in gunny sacks. He said you could track him through his blood in the snow as he went out to bring the cows home during those snowy nights. In the morning he'd get up and run the cow up from where he slept all night to warm his feet, warm his hand with the warmth of their bodies. He was fourteen years old before he had his first pair of shoes.

My grandmother was half Indian. 'Course the Indians are stubborn, supposed to be. And being a half Indian and then being a slave also, she was very stubborn. She said that her master was a very cruel man. Since she was stubborn, he'd take her by the ears to the corner of a house, and just bang her head against the corner until she'd bleed. Come out covered in blood.

She died in the insane hospital in Columbia. You couldn't find three square inches on her head where there wasn't a scar when she died. And well, you find naked places all through her head where she was beaten until she be beaten into unconsciousness. Sometime she come to herself under a tree; Master had knocked her out. In her latter years it was discovered that during one of those forays the skull was crushed into her brain. The older she got, the worse it got. So she died at the age of seventy-seven, right there in Columbia Hospital. I knew her. I went to her funeral.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Rev. C. C. Brown

THOSE WERE ROUGH DAYS

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My wife and I've been here since '36. No pastor had lived here the last forty years before we came. And of course by not living with the people, they couldn't know their need and their desire. They wanted somebody to come and live with the people--that's why we came.

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The first thing I found here was extreme poverty. That was during the days of the Depression, and there was no work except the WPA project. That white schoolhouse out there was built as a WPA project. The men on the farms were working for seven cents an hour. Oh yeah, seven cents. And the women, five cents.

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The men plowed; the women did all the farm work. That time they didn't have planters to plant the potatoes. They cut the potatoes, dropped them in the field, and the men did all the work with the plows. That give pretty good farm employment. You had a number of men running plows, the women go along and drop the potatoes, and that give them a good day's work--several days' work in springtime. That give them employment during the planting season.

And the cabbage plant out by hand. Nowadays some have a planter. Some children worked then, but they didn't have too many children that time. There hadn't been so much marrying and going on.

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Those were rough days. Food was short, scarce, didn't have much. The most they ate those days, they ate rice, grits and canned tomatoes. They bought their tomatoes at the store. They were cheap then. They bought the grits. Some made their own grits. They had a few mill. And they used to raise their own rice. There were a lot of rice farms around. They had a way of cleaning it and milling it.

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Most of 'em were poor. Had no income. Very little income. They lived out of the creek. In the summertime they had crabs and shrimp, and in the wintertime had oysters. You could buy right at your door about three times a week, undressed shrimp--five cents a plate. In the wintertime we buy

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p.12]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p. 19]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mr. James Mackey

WE IS HAD A DANCE

159 527 535 534 Dance! That's my favorite. In certain times of the year like Fourth of July or Labor Days, we is had a dance. Had guitar and all like that. First of all we used something called accordion, and we'd beat stick. Then after that we was enabled enough to buy something call tambourine. A man lived back in the woods used to play guitar. James White used to play fiddle. And another fellow and I used to assist him. When I don't feel like play awhile, I dance in on the set until it broke up. We didn't have this new style they got here now—hug together.

159 535 We dance eight in a group. Two on the head this side, two on that side, two on the side like that. The fellow who knock the tambourine, he teach the set. He says "swing to your left," then you come swing that. Then swing your partner, then swing home. Then he say "promenade all," they all hook hands, grab hands together and just soshay all around, 'til they get back to the place what they was.

Later on after these girls used to come from the city, then they used to dance hug together.

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41 Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
HN23 Sea Islanders HN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p.26]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p.36]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p.31]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p 44]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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[p.50]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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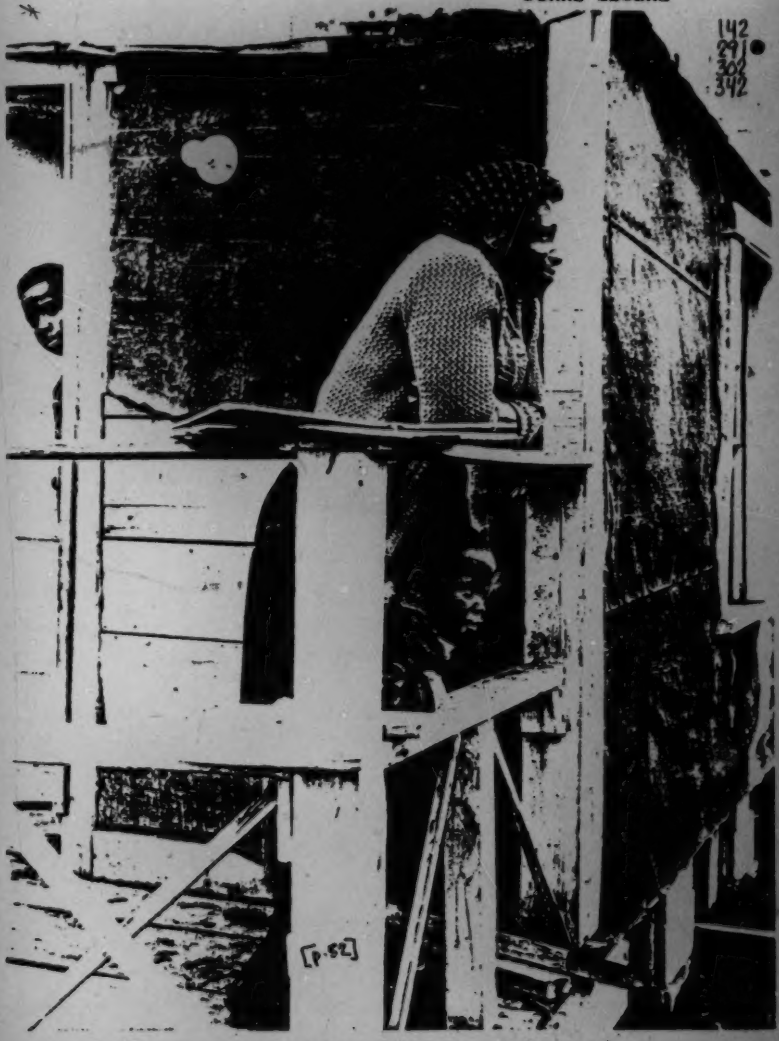

41 Carawan & Carawan B,Σ-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Janie Hunter

I SEEM TO MAKE IT ALL RIGHT

159 511 434 When we first bought that piece of land in 1940, my husband was making thirteen dollars a week. I was washing and ironing for two person, and I wasn't making over three dollars a week. And we had to buy the land off that, and build that same house which burn down with that money, plus raise children. But I seem to make it all right. I get used to it. I get four dollars a day now, and it still don't seem much easier. Food cost more, clothes cost more, and the children takes more to go to school.

159 [511] But the Lord didn't promise no human being to eat grass. Only horse and hogs eat grass. So he have a way paved for all those children, and we's had, if it be just one good meal a day. And I raise all of 'em up—hard time and good time—all is a healthy family. Didn't have no trouble 'til I lose my baby a year ago, and he wasn't sick but two days. But with the Lord, all things possible. And God give and He takes, and He takes nothing but His own. I know all those children belongs to the Lord, and He only give it to me for a special time. And I feel like He wants me to keep them children, He make a way for feed them. As the song say, "feed you when you hungry, and He clothes you when you naked." So up to this present minute I can say I have thirteen children living, and I thank God for all of them, and they is good children.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Mary Pinckney

IT'S TOUGH TO RAISE FIVE CHILDREN—SURE IS

I get married to the church. And I had the reception in Robbie Fields' store. They had wine and piccolo playing, and dancing. I danced once. But I couldn't dance 'cause my dress was too long. Long white dress, white shoes and white veil 'cross my hair. Lot of people came to the church and lot of people at the store. They had as much in the yard as was in the store, couldn't come in. I guess 'round about three hundred head. Big wedding.

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We was young children, growing up together. I met him long time ago, but I didn't realize that was to be my husband today. I remember he was picking the potato on the farm and I had to go work that morning and he

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was there. I didn't have no partner to pick up potato with, so he say, "Come on; I'll be your partner." So we was partner for the day, picking up potato until over with. And when I get 'round about fifteen, sixteen years old, he come to my house and ask my mother can he keep my company. My mother ask me, will I accept it. First I say I don't know. So he come back and come back. And finally he wrote my mother a letter. Mother call me, she ask me, will I accept Arthur Lee company. So I say yes.

Those years keeping company I doesn't go out with no fellas, but I does see other boys, talk to them, go out to a party my brother be along. But I never love but one, and that's the one I get married to.

Now I'm twenty-five. I have five children. I work from seven in the morning 'til five-thirty in the evening--five days a week doing kitchen work. I mind five children, and when I get home I got to take care of five of my own.

My husband leave home 'bout six in the morning for he to wait on the road for a ride to go to work. He don't have he own transportation. He works out on contractor job, 'round about four years now.

It's tough to raise five children--sure is. My husband make 'round thirty, sometime forty dollars a week. And if it rain he don't bring in that because he don't work. I get paid for holiday when I'm off, but my husband don't get paid. He just have to wait it out. My mother used to take care of the children that aren't in school before the house burn down, but now I don't have anyone to take care of them. I have to stay off from work and start all over housewife again.

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Miss Yvonne Hunter

ALL US WORKS

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I am in third grade. I got left down one year because my mother was in New York one spring and I didn't have no shoes. I take arithmetic, language and reading. I like arithmetic best. When I grow up, if I don't be a secretary, I want to be a nurse.

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For lunch at school we have popcorn, links, milk, roll, and have soup sometime. We have to pay for it. Sometime we take sandwich. At home we have grits, sometime rice for breakfast. Put milk and butter on rice. And have bread. Supper we have chicken and rice. Have greens, sometime cornbread and soup—vegetable soup. When Itchy and Joe go in the creek, we have oshters, crab, clams, fish.

159
(513)

Mother want us in bed at six o'clock. Sometime we go to bed seven-thirty. Six sleep in a room. Tina and me sleep together, and Patricia and her two children sleep together, Mama and Papa sleep together, and Itchy sleep on the chair, and David and Johnny sleep on the couch.

We get up six o'clock. The bus come by at seven. School start at eight-thirty. It takes five minute to get to school in the bus. I wash dishes before I go to school.

All us works. Sometime I wash dishes and I sweep the floor and I mop the floor. I cook. I cook grits, rice, cornbread. I cook meat, fry chicken, and I can make macaroni, and I can make salad.

I don't know if I want to get married. I don't like boys.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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159 they help me, and couple days we had it clean out, so now is clean enough
73 to sleep in and eat in. We just work night and day. I sit up 'til two o'clock
some nights. My son Johnny, he makes two window so it's light now. Then
354 we go and buy a wood heater so it's very warm and comfortable.
159 We getting 'long all right. I realize God give and He takes. He take
down and He can build back up. He took everything from Job--wife, children, Job have seven boys. His wife say Job ought to curse God and die. But Job say, "You speak as a foolish. When I curse my God and die, what will become of me? But I'll wait on my appointed time until my change will come." So I'll wait, 'cause I know soon or late there will be some change. If you only got faith in God, won't have nothing to worry about.

And everybody was so nice to me, and that one important thing make me feel good. All my friends from here and everywhere come and give; those who don't have to give, come with a word of encouragement. I appreciate everything they did. My brothers, my sisters, my daughters, friends, what they don't have to give, they come and sit and talk and sing together encouragement, and this make me understand that this is the Lord will.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Isabel Simmons

ALL JOIN AND MAKE THAT HALL

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The only time they miss me at that hall, I either sick or off on some church duty. That hall mean a whole lot to me. It give me strength, spirit to carry on. I know everybody who comes. Some is friends, cousins, sisters; some neighbors.

344 346

I remember when Moving Star Hall was built, 'round about 1913, '14. Father help build the hall. Mother too. We all throw money until we gets enough to buy the land. All pay seven dollars for the lumber. All join and make that hall. They used to have prayer service in the house--only family then. Afterward, they began to have joint class from house to house. Then when we get the hall, we begin to have meeting there.

796 786 869

My daddy teach we how to sing, teach we how to shout, teach we how to go fast, teach we how to go slow. And then going to meeting, or later going to church, he'll teach we how to behave yourself when we get out to different place, before we leave home.

796 533

Used to be plenty people there--all them old people. They sing those old time spiritual, better than how we sing it now. Joe Bligen and Levy Green. Joe Deas was a good singer too, when he was much younger. Had plenty of singing womans, too.

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That hall be full of people. Every Sunday. We have meeting in the neighborhood three time a week--Sunday and Tuesday and Thursday night. They keep a meeting going from eight until twelve. Then I get out, tomorrow morning I go on the farm make a day's work, too.

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Mr. John Smalls

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GOOD MORNING WARRIORS

Good morning Warriors!
How y'all feel?
I'm feeling special alive.

I just rise to tell you all my aim
And whole heart's desire.
My desire is to go the whole way.
I give thanks for being brought
Not from just last December
But from an infant birth.

I can say, "Are we yet alive
To see each other's face."
Thank God for His redeeming grace.

Since last January
Rocky was my road,
Tedious was my journey.
What troubles have I seen,
What conflicts have I passed.

If I had ten thousand tongues
It wouldn't be enough
To give thanks to Thee
Who took my feet out of the miry clay
And put them on a solid rock.

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Mrs. Janie Hunter and the Moving Star Hall congregation

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ASK THE WATCHMAN HOW LONG

Leader: Oh ask my brother how long,
Group: How long Watchman, how long?

In sixty-four how long? . . . etc.
Well, ask my daughter how long . . . etc.
Well, ask my preacher how long . . . etc.

Oh all my neighbors, how long? . . . etc.

Oh before the roll call . . . etc.
Oh just a few more rounds . . . etc.
Oh ask my leader how long . . . etc.

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Well, all my neighbors how long? . . . etc.
Oh soon it will be over . . . etc.
Watchman, how long? . . . etc.
You know how long, how long . . . etc.
Ask my friends how long . . . etc.

Brother Jenkins, how long? . . . etc.
Oh, how long, how long,
How long Watchman, how long?
How long, how long,
How long Watchman, how long?

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Caravan & Caravan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4. TALKIN' 'BOUT

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JOKEY

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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A GOOD TIME

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TIMES

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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41 Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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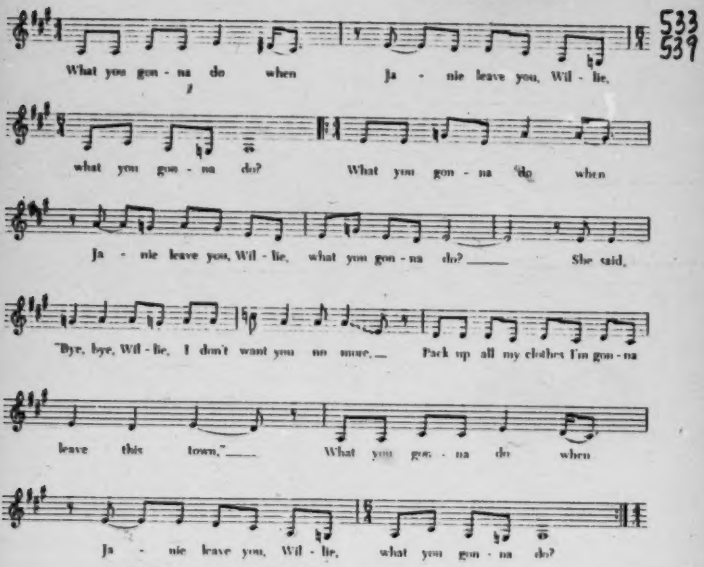
Mr. Joe Hunter

WHAT YOU GONNA DO?


What you gon - na do when Ja - nie leave you, Wil - lie,
what you gon - na do? What you gon - na do when
Ja - nie leave you, Wil - lie, what you gon - na do? She said,
"Bye, bye, Wil - lie, I don't want you no more, Pack up all my clothes I'm gon - na
leave this town," What you gon - na do when
Ja - nie leave you, Wil - lie, what you gon - na do?

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What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?
She said, "Bye bye, baby, I don't want you no more",
Sitting here crying, Janie, please don't go,
What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?

What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?
She said, "Bye bye, Willie, I'm putting you down,
Pack up my clothes I'm gonna leave this town",
What you gonna do when Janie leave you, Willie, what you gonna do?

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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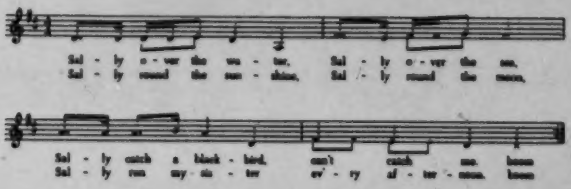
The Hunter and Pinckney children

SALLY ROUND THE SUNSHINE


Sal - ly a - round the sun - shine, Sal - ly a - round the sun,
Sal - ly round the sun - shine, Sal - ly round the sun,
Sal - ly catch a black - bird, can't catch 'em home
Sal - ly run my da - ter ev' - ry af - ter - noon, home

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SOLO: Annie?
CHOIR: Ma'am?
SOLO: You been to the wedding?
CHOIR: Yes, ma'am.
SOLO: Did you get my cake?
CHOIR: Yes, ma'am.
SOLO: How nice that taste?
CHOIR: Nice, nice.

Annie?
Ma'am?
Did you been to the wedding?
Yes, ma'am.
Did you get my wine?
Yes, ma'am.
How nice that taste?
Nice, nice.

Annie?
Ma'am?
You see my turkey?
Yes, ma'am.
Which side he gone?
So, so.
Will you help me catch him?
Yes, ma'am.
Get ready, let's go.
ALL: Shoo turkey, shoo, shoo,
Shoo turkey, shoo, shoo,
Shoo turkey, shoo, shoo,
Shoo turkey, shoo.

524 *Miss Yvonne Hunter*

A LOT OF KIDS PLAY THOSE GAMES

I learn some songs and games from my mother, some from my brother, and then I learn some in school. A lot of kids play those games. Mostly girls. Kids that are seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve play. There are some that don't like to play the games.

It's no music teacher at school. Our teacher have tunes for teaching songs. They have piano. When Mama teach us songs, she teach us until we learn it good.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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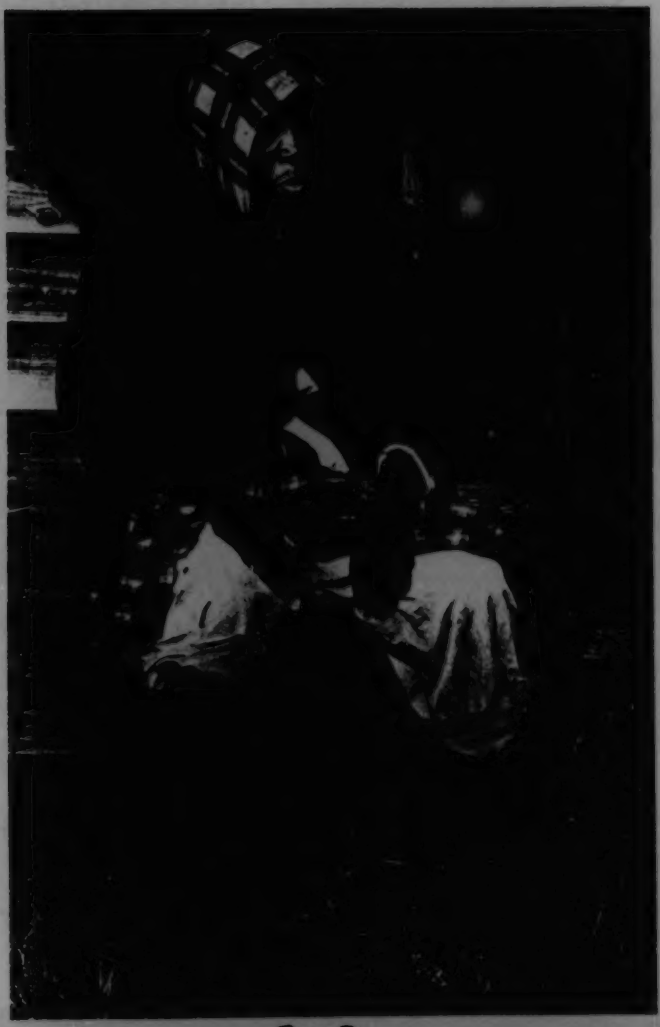

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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177 when it come right down to it, it's gonna be accepted. Actually Johns Island is real poor and I don't think nobody could afford for money to be cut off from the schools. The superintendent of the schools told me that if the schools were closed, the Negroes would suffer more than the whites. I don't believe this, and I don't believe that he believes it, because actually to me then we all would be getting equal education—nobody gets none.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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41 Carawan & Carawan B,2-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mr. William Saunders

FREEDOM IS WORSE

Really to me, freedom is worse in New York than it is on Johns Island. Because on Johns Island the white people are honest in letting you know that they don't want you to associate with them. In New York, if we go to a hotel and want a room, there's no segregation, they just ain't got no rooms.

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6. AIN'T YOU GOT A

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE?

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PROGRESS ON JOHNS ISLAND

[p. 139]

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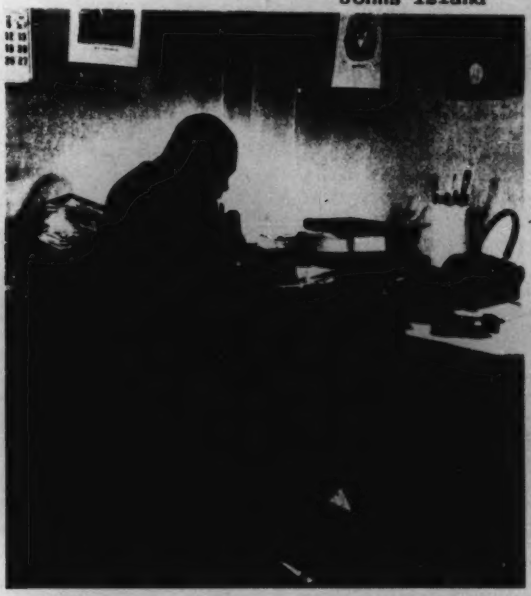

Mr. Esau Jenkins

THEY PAINTED IT BLACK

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I haven't gotten any further than the fourth grade in grammar school here. I had to work, and because of that I had to leave school. And then too, the school we had here wasn't encouraging to go to. We had around fifty children and one teacher with a one-door school.

(179) And beside that, they painted it black, that we could be identified as to who go to the school. It discouraged me when I got some pride. I left school and went to Charleston and started working on a boat. But I still was serious about getting my education. I know I couldn't have done anything out of a fourth-grade education.

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Then I got married some years later and find out that I have a great responsibility, and I know that my education was limited. So I decided that I would work and go to school at the same time. I went four years more, which help me to transact my own business, and now I'm happy to say that

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4: Caravan & Caravan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mr. Esau Jenkins

KNOWING HOW TO PLAY THE GAME

159 873 641 666 185 We had gotten quite a few people registered through that adult citizenship school, but they did not have the political education or understanding of voting. So we decided to teach them what the ballot means. I started what we called the "second step" political education school, because the people who registered to vote would vote because we told them to vote.

There were many persons who did not know how many men in the House of Representatives; why Charleston County has eleven in the House; how many men in the Senate; how many congressional districts we have in South Carolina; who are the men elected and sent to Washington to represent these two districts. We feel that if these people know about these things, they will be more interested in voting, and they will help others.

As you know as well as I do, that if a person doesn't know a football game, a basketball game, neither a baseball game, he hears other people laugh and sees how other persons play, but he doesn't know *who* plays well, because he doesn't know the game.

The same thing goes with some of the people who don't know anything about political action, so we felt like it was our responsibility to teach those people and have them well-informed.

159 873 185 (666) Along with political education, we have taught a good many persons how to sign checks, fill out money orders, how to crochet, how to sew, how to fill out blanks for their drivers' licenses. I think it was a great success.

Then after I was elected President of the Citizens' Committee of Charleston and Charleston County, I set up what we call a voter registration and information center, to which place people will come in for information. Whatever information they need, they come to this center.

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people who are willing to see to it that our children will get a high school, plus transportation to take them to and from school."

The white kids were riding in school buses, and the buses were warm when they got into it. When they got to the school, the schools were warm. Yet our children had to walk between eight and ten miles per day, go to a cold school with no heat. The teachers that teach the school, they live in Charleston—fifteen or eighteen miles away—and the children have to stand outside until the teachers come. Then when the teachers come, if they didn't have any wood, they got to go out in back of the school and get wood to make up the fire. Whether it raining, whether it cold, whether it snowing, those children have to walk there, and after they got the fire started, it being so cold, I don't think they could concentrate so well. And beside that they

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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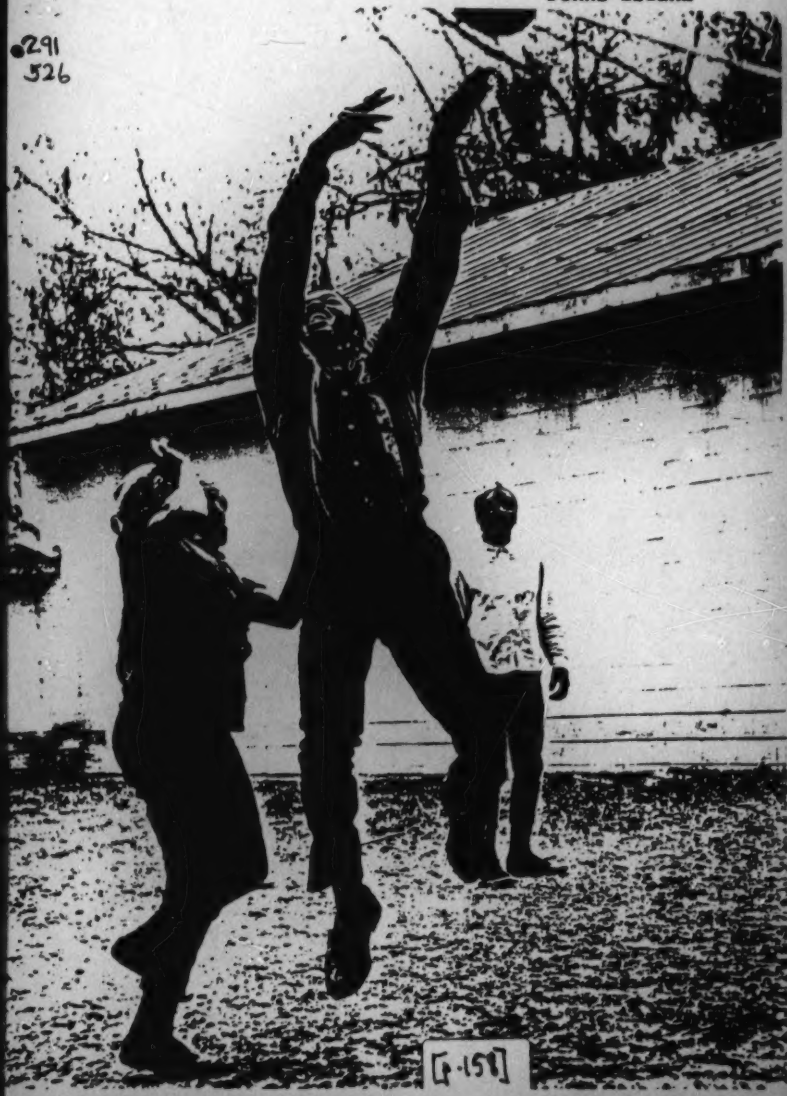

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41 Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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nothing much for them to do here but cut cabbages or run a tractor, maybe drive a truck or do something in the field. And there's not much money in it for them.

They mostly go to New York and find jobs somehow or other--working as domestics or doing small factory work. Very few ever come back to live. They come back to visit about once a year. But they don't ever come back to live.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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And it really shouldn't be that hard. The pay here is less, but you don't have to pay rent, and the food is cheaper. They go to New York and then they come back here on their vacation and tell you how silly you are to be here. And what they bring here is a new car, but then you have a car and you have a house, so what is it they're bringing? They're making more but they're spending more. But yet you're here with your kids, and they aren't.

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And really they miss everything about home up there. That's why you find Christmas times or holiday times they don't want to be in New York, they want to be home. They miss the atmosphere, the friendliness of the people. You can go to anybody's house, the people don't have no money in the bank, they don't have no money under their mattress, but they got a whole lot of food. I don't believe there's a house around here where they ain't got a whole lot of food, got a little moonshine to drink on the holidays.

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A lot of my friends say if they could make even thirty dollars a week less than they make in New York they would come back home.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Ms. Elaine Jenkins

WE CAN HAVE SOME SAY AS TO WHAT'S GOING TO BE DEVELOPED

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We've been meeting and talking about heirs' property and how to get it cut up now so that folk don't lose all of it. There are so many people involved, all it takes is for one person to sell out. Once that one sells and some stranger gets in, he can force a partition suit, and they may end up losing a whole tract of land. What we've been trying to do is tell them how to get it partitioned among family members. So if one wants to sell, fine. He will just have that acre or so. But not the whole tract going out from under them.

[651] [428]

I'm talking to them about taxes and the importance of paying those taxes. And we're notifying people when we see their land up for sale for nonpayment of taxes. I'm talking to them about making wills. If you don't make a will that's where all these heirs come in. It's just so much to keep up with.

Being a lawyer is something I always knew I wanted to do, from the time I can remember. And my intentions were always to return to Charleston and Johns Island. This is where I wanted to be. I love this place.

We can have some say as to what's going to be developed—what's going to go up and where it's going to go up. That's still open to us.

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Mrs. Ethel Grimball

THAT IS GREAT PROGRESS

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When I walk on Johns Island and I stand in the yard and look at the nursing home, look at the lab, look at the clinic, and look across the street at the housing project, I feel like that is great progress. I'm sure that the low cost housing project added ten to twenty years to the life span of a lot of those people who live there because of the living conditions they had prior to that. They feel comfortable, they feel more secure, and they feel good about themselves. And then if anyone gets sick or doesn't feel well, all they have to do is walk across the street to the clinic. And that is great progress.

There's a fight right now to keep it going, because of political reasons, but it's still great progress. That was one of the things my father spoke about—the health care on these islands. I wish he were here to see it.*

*Mrs. Grimball is the daughter of Esau Jenkins.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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need for something. He tried to find out what he could do to help. He would go around to the piccolo joints and talk to people, and go down to the fishermen and talk to them, go to the growers and talk to them. After awhile he didn't have to buy anything for the people. He was getting everything donated. Once people saw that they could depend on him, then he started getting into the social issues. That's when he started working with my daddy. Then they would call in McKinley and some of these other people, and they would brainstorm about the problems. To me, Rev. Goodwin did more for people on these islands, especially from the pulpit, than anyone since my daddy.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mr. William Saunders

I'M PRETTY BITTER ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT

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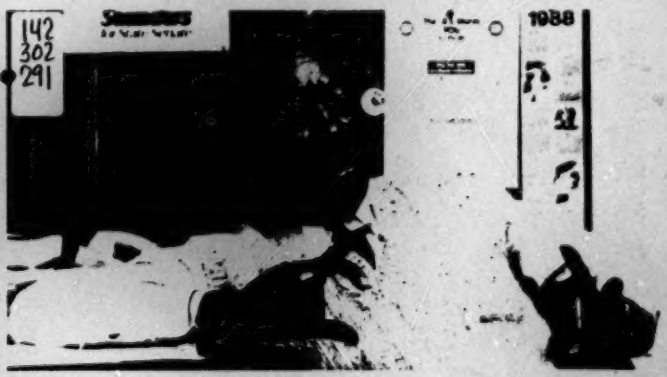
(668)

I've been thinking about Mrs. Septima Clark. Here's a person who got fired from a system after teaching over thirty years for belonging to an organization that she would not denounce (NAACP). They refused to give her even her retirement. That same system, that same power base, allows her fifteen, twenty years later to be on the school board. That same power base turns around later on and says, "You can have your retirement." And that same power base is saying, the mayor is saying, the governor is saying, "This woman is a hero." There's something wrong with that!

Those power brokers can say, "At eighty years old we can make you a hero; we can line your wall with plaques; because you're no more threat to us." And the reason we can make you a hero is that now we got to look out for Bill Saunders and them that is coming along. And they're the ones that's going to give us some trouble. And as new people come along, then some of us become worthless, so we get plaques and stuff.

When the superintendent of the school system for the state can say, on the morning that Mrs. Clark dies, that there's nothing wrong with our school system, we got a perfect school system, there's no bias, there's no problem, and that will go. And then the judge turns around and says yes, the only problem is poverty and it will take fifty to a hundred years to straighten that out, and then they say Mrs. Clark is a hero. The mayor says, "There's nobody like her. She never got loud, she never raised her voice, she's sweet, and she got things done. We loved her." I'm pretty bitter about things like that.



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Mrs. Bernice Robinson

EVERYBODY LISTENED WHEN ESAU TALKED

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Esau did not get the kind of recognition he deserved for the work he did. He spearheaded so many things: the Charleston County Citizens' Committee, the Credit Union (and it was countywide, which is very unusual), the Comprehensive Health Center on Johns Island. He would be really proud if he was alive today to know that they got the nursing home and the senior citizens' home. He fought like anything to get the health clinic on the island so they could have medical care for the people over there.

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While he was living, he didn't get that much praise. But it didn't daunt his efforts at all. His children suffered a lot for him being so aggressive. They couldn't get jobs in Charleston County. But he still wouldn't let that turn him around. He continued to fight for what he thought was right for his people.

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Esau didn't finish his high school education until after he'd gotten married. There were a lot of people, professionals or educators, who felt that if he changed the way he talked, it would be so much better. But I used to say, "Everybody listens when Esau talks in his same Gullah language." He was telling it like it is, and they heard what he was saying. You would think that with the exposure he had, and with him going all around the country, some of it would rub off. I don't think he wanted it to rub off. He maintained his speech as it was. So he had criticism from a lot of the educated folk, but he was saying what they needed to be saying. And he got the benefits for them.

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He would have a whole lot to say about education. He would be very disappointed about how far we still have to go, but he wouldn't be bitter about it. He would be saying that we haven't accomplished yet what we need to accomplish. And he would see in what way he could work to bring it about.

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Mrs. Ethel Grimball

I DON'T MIND TALKING ABOUT WHAT I SEE

893 The school situation is still one that really bothers me—especially St. Johns High School. The school has 660 students and seventy percent of those students are on free or reduced lunch. These are black children from Johns and Wadmalaw islands. Ten percent of the students go on to college and I'm not concerned about them, but I am concerned about the ninety percent of these black children who cannot go to college, who do not have skills to develop self-sufficiency, and who have to go through school for four years, finish high school, and then have to go right back and either do domestic work, go to Kiawah Island and make beds, go to Kiawah Island and clean yards, or go to Kiawah Island and wash dishes. It doesn't make sense.

I feel very frustrated by what's happening to our children on Johns Island today. They're saying they have to go to James Island if they want to learn a trade. I'm against that. And so that's my fight with the school system. If you have a curriculum that's not meeting the needs of these students, something is wrong.

I would like to get on the school board, but they won't put me on there. They think I'm radical. I'm not radical. I'm just very candid about what I see and I don't mind talking about what I see.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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the literacy test and become registered voters. Some had organized their community for discussions of civic issues and voter registration campaigns. Later, as on Johns Island, they would run for public office and provide leadership in the emerging civil rights movement.

In 1961 the citizenship school program was transferred from Highlander to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. In the meantime Septima Clark and Bernice Robinson had developed a residential program for training volunteers who wanted to be citizenship school teachers.

[895]

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Before becoming the educational arm of the SCLC, the number of teachers trained were counted in the hundreds, but after the transfer, Septima Clark reported that they were counted in the thousands. More impressive than these figures was the vitality of the educational process which set in motion a liberating force that gave dignity and collective power to thousands of black people throughout the South.

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[895]

The people of Johns Island deserve tribute for the role they played in the origin and development of a citizenship/literacy movement that became a vital part of the civil rights movement and has achieved international recognition. Special tribute is due to the first pioneer citizenship school, created by a teacher who had never taught before and her students who had never been to school, and to the coordinator Septima Clark and especially to Esau Jenkins whose idea it was in the first place.

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Mrs. Septima Clark

AFTER I CAME BACK FROM HIGHLANDER, I DECIDED I SHOULD GET ESAU TO GO

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[494]

I knew Esau Jenkins when he was a boy of fourteen and came to my school to learn how to read. All his life Esau devoted himself to improving conditions on Johns Island.

Esau had a bus that he drove from Johns Island to Charleston and back, carrying tobacco workers and longshoremen to work. One morning one of the women on the bus made Esau a proposal. "I don't have much schooling, Esau," she said to him. "But I would like to be somebody. I'd like to hold up my head with other people; I'd like to be able to vote. Esau, if you'll help me a little when you have the time, I'll be glad to learn the laws and get qualified to vote. If I do, I promise you I'll register and I'll vote."

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[p.200]

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Bernice Robinson

I STARTED TO TEACH THEM WHAT THEY WANTED TO LEARN

When they asked me to teach the course, I said I would help but I wouldn't teach because I wasn't a teacher. But Myles and Septima both said that if I didn't do it, it wouldn't be done. They wanted someone who was familiar with the philosophy of Highlander. They did not want a professional teacher to do it because they adhere to too strict a curriculum and they wouldn't listen to what the people were saying. So I accepted the challenge.

I had this material from my sister-in-law and she taught from the first to the third grade. That's all the material I had, plus the voter registration material and the Declaration of Human Rights. As soon as I walked in there and started talking with the people, I realized that her material was too juvenile. They were adults and I had to teach them on their level the things that they needed to know.

I had each one of them come up that first night and talk with me about some of the things they would like to learn. I had a little article for them to

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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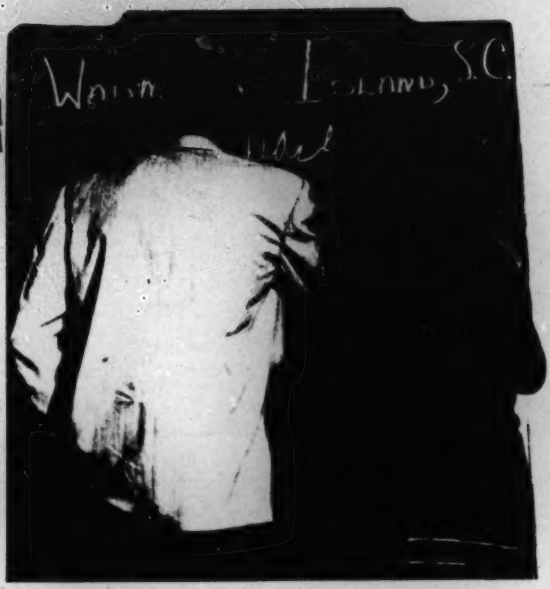

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Mrs. Bernice Robinson

I DON'T THINK PEOPLE ON JOHNS ISLAND KNOW WHAT AN IMPACT THE PROGRAM HAD

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There were tens of thousands of teachers and students who went through that program. It lasted until 1970, and I think that what happened is that foundations thought that we had achieved what we were working for. We had the Voting Rights Bill and we had accomplished desegregation and we had gotten blacks elected to office in all these different states, so the money started drying up for the program.

The curriculum we developed on Johns Island became the curriculum that went all across the South. It was all the things the people had said they wanted to know and learn. I don't think the people on Johns Island know what an impact the program they were involved in had—how it went so far and so wide.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Alice Wine

EVERYTHING IS CHANGED NOW

I still vote. I want to vote for right, but I don't get it. My mother always told me, "You see somebody that jump, you jump too. Cause you, one, can't do nothing. Among the majority, your word just go for nothing." But the people gave us our right, seems like they take our right from us. But it don't stop me from vote. I still vote for the President.

And everything is changed now. The world so tough today.

The older people sang "I Will Overcome" because they had a hard time. They had to row boat to go to the city and carry their peas and corn and potatoes, rice and things. They had a hard time, living and raising their children. Them people had to work with their children on their back. Rebeltime people were mean. But God changed those people. That's a just God. He don't walk knock-kneed. Those oldtime foreparents was something else, I tell you. And one of these days they were able to overcome. They were able to buy the land. Money was scarce, but they had a chance to pay a dollar or two dollars for a piece of ground.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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533 The story of how "I Will Overcome" became "We Shall Overcome" is a fascinating one, and much of the history is in the South Carolina lowcountry area. "I Will Overcome" was widely known in black churches throughout the South. The first time it was used in an organized protest situation was in Charleston in 1945, when the Food and Tobacco Workers were out on strike for five months and had a daily picket line. The striking workers, mainly black women, began to adapt the song to fit their situation. They changed the *I* to *we* and sang, "We will win our rights" and "We will organize" and "The Lord will see us through." Workers from the Charleston situation took the song to Highlander where it became the unofficial theme song for years and was carried to many other picket lines by Zilphia Horton of the Highlander staff. Pete Seeger learned it from Zilphia and began introducing it to northern gatherings and northern audiences. Guy Carawan heard it from Pete and others, and through his work at Highlander, helped pass it back into the southern freedom movement in the early 1960s. From there it went around the world.

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41 Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Ms. Elaine Jenkins

I GET MY STRENGTH FROM THE OLDER PEOPLE ON THESE ISLANDS

888 I don't know how other young people feel, but I get my strength from the older people on these islands. My mother is one of them. I like to talk to my mother and her friends. When we get together, we always go back to the old days. And those days were hard days.

533 186 The songs at Wesley, I mean the songs that the older people raise from the floor, those things do something for me. The music is a vital part of that service. There's almost a song for every feeling and mood. I can only talk about Wesley, but I don't think there's any danger of the older songs dying out there. Those songs are being passed down from the old people. Like Mrs. (178) Hunter—Mrs. Hunter's children and her grandchildren. And then I hear them, and I'm sure other people hear them, and you write down the words.

216 186 My brother Bill has been doing a lot of videotaping and the folk don't mind. We hope to just hold onto those things and put them aside for safekeeping for the others who'll be coming along. Talking to the older people about the old days when there was really no connection to the city, they had to be self-sufficient. I don't think any of those things will ever be lost.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mrs. Janie Hamlet

I FOUND OUT I HAD SOMETHING I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD MYSELF

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When we started to travel, we had a lot of criticism. Everyone didn't like it, but that didn't stop me. They didn't understand. I try to let them know that when we're doing these different programs, it really establish Johns Island. We put Johns Island on the map.

And I was carrying my children since they was six and seven years old. My children hardly be bashful. They really experienced something and they learned a lot. They went to Rhode Island twice; they went to New York. And several times to the Smithsonian in Washington. They learned to face people and be what you are.

I enjoyed every bit of it. The travel taught me a lot. I saw places I wished for many years I could see. My dream did come true. When I was young I hoped I could travel and see something, and I did. I learned something in traveling that I never learned in school. You couldn't tell if we were black or white from the treatment we got. That means a lot. Treatment is what cause love.

So I feel good about it because I could show somebody something that they didn't know. Although they finished college and have education, I feel like I have something that they wanted. I found out I had something I didn't know I had myself. And that makes me feel like going on with it. And if there's anything I can do to help somebody learn something they don't know, I'll be glad to do it.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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Mr. William Saunders

CULTURE IS AN INBRED THING, BUT IT NEEDS TO BE FED

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I think the culture has a better chance to survive if you have some control over it. That has been my dream to try to make sure people have an economic base, and then you can go back, then you can sit around and talk about parents and grandparents. But if somebody is sitting around hungry and you're gonna tell them about some damn culture, it don't make any American sense.

So what it is that some of us have been about is you can upgrade peoples' health care, you can upgrade their housing, if you can upgrade their education, then they themselves begin to look at their own history, because they have some leisure time to look at it.

Culture is an inbred thing, it's in there, but it needs to be fed. The best way to feed it is to make sure you got some of the basic necessities to survive.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
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(Chorus)
Honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Honey in the rock, honey in the rock,
Honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Feed every child of God.

Satan mad and I so glad,
He missed the soul that he thought he had.
Oh, the Devil so mad and I so glad,
He missed the soul that he thought he had.

(Chorus)

Oh, 'member, hush little baby don't you cry,
You know that your mother is born to die.
Oh, 'member, hush little baby don't you cry,
You know that your mother is born to die.

(Chorus)

Oh, children, one of these mornings I was walking 'long,
I saw the grapes was a-hanging down,
Lord, I pick a bunch and I suck the juice,
It's the sweetest grape that I ever taste.

(Chorus)
Oh, honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Honey in the rock, honey in the rock,
Honey in the rock, got to feed God children,
Feed every child of God.

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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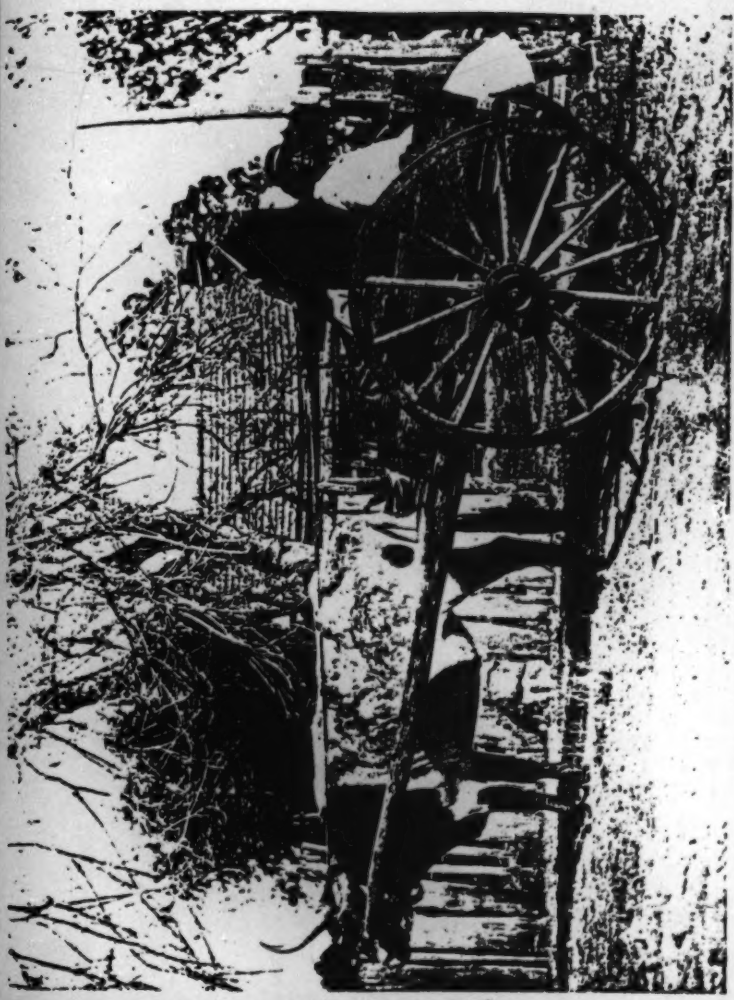
St. Simon's Island



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4. Liverpool and His Ox-Cart (born, St. Simon's, 1858—Died, Darien, 1938)

[facing p. 32]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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5. Bessie Cuyler

6. Oscar Massie, an African-born Slave

[Facing p. 33]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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8. *Beating Rice in Darien*

[facing p. 49]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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13. *The Author and Suwanna in Front of the School-House*

[facing p. 81]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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9. Snooks

[facing p. 64]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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10. Susy

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11. Snooks Doing "Juba Dis, Juba Dat"

[facing p. 65]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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14. Farewell Song in the Cabin

[facing p. 96]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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15. *Joe Singing: "Good-Bye Everybody," with Ben in the Background*

16. *Bessie, Deeply Absorbed in the Singing*

[facing p. 97]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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Log-Shoot in the Cabin

[facing p. 128]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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"Covenant meetin'," now called "Pure Mind Meetin'," was formerly held at the last prayer meeting before Communion Sunday, and was of service in keeping track of the members and making sure, from their own words, that they were "livin' in union." No more meetings of this character have been held at the "South End" of St. Simon's since Betty Brown paid the penalty of false testimony. She got up and told the members: "I'm at peace with everybody." Then, as she was leaving the church, she said: "I'm goin' home t' put Josie [her crippled grandson] out the house." She walked to the step, fell, and never reached home alive.

BELIEVER I KNOW

175 159 [533] [291] [829]

This song, sung on Sapelo by Katie Brown, while sitting under her tall magnolia tree, reflects the peace of her surroundings. Although she was born about 1850, her voice is remarkably true and sweet. She tells me that the record book of the Spalding Plantation has her age as ten years when the War Between the States began, but she believes she was two years older, for she wore a shift [4] at the time her family left Sapelo and "went to the Main" for refuge on the Stephens Plantation in Bryan County. In December, after the "Big War" was over, they walked to Savannah. There Katie's mother, Cotty Grovenor, petitioned the Freedman's Bureau to let her return to Sapelo. "March was comin' and time to plant." She remembers distinctly how sore and swollen her feet were from walking. Cotty had to soak them in warm water each night.

533 539

I know, I know Lord
Believer I know
I know, I know Lord
Believer I know
I know the road so thorny
Believer I know
I know the road is thorny
Believer I know

[4] *The slaves count their age by some such event. Katie seemed to be proud of the fact she was old enough to wear a shift. Shad Hall must be younger, for he still wore a "binyan" (apparently an African word), which was the kind of shirt worn by young boys before they wore pants. With a grin, he told me their first pants had no pockets so that it would be less easy for them to steal eggs.*

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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24. Margaret, on the Left, Demonstrates the Correct Position of Arms and Feet in Shouting

[facing p. 144]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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25. *The Younger Generation Doing the Ring-Shout at the Cabin*

[facing p. 145]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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26. *Julia—Who Does the Buzzard Lope*

[facing p. 160]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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27. Gertrude

[facing p. 161]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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29. Susyanna

[facing p. 199]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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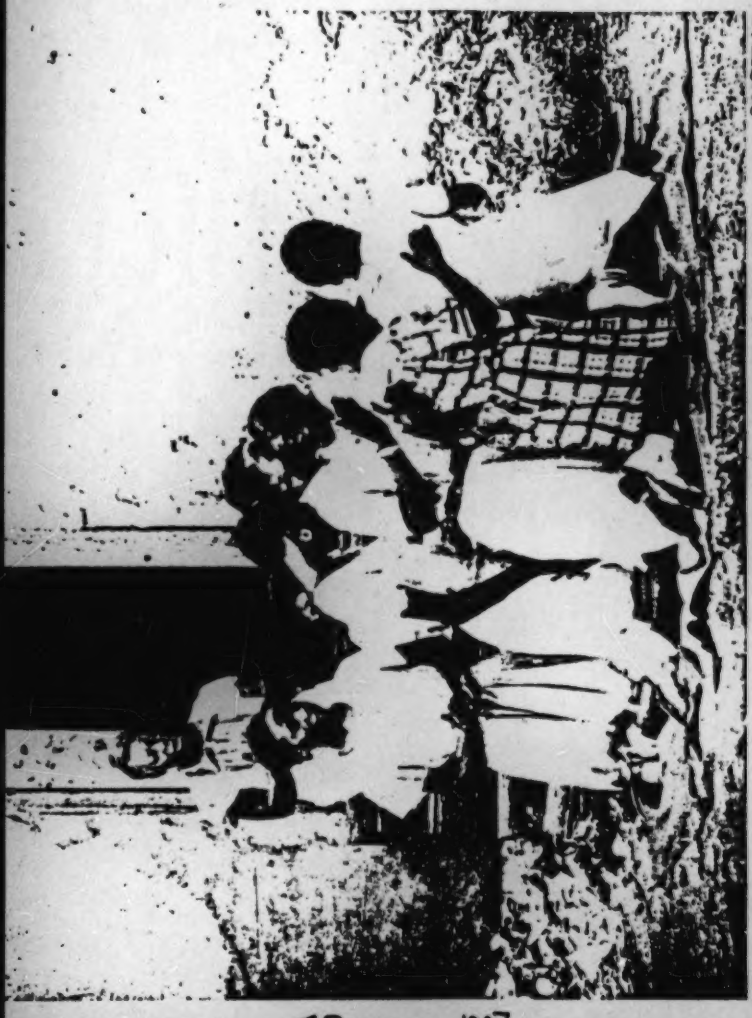

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30. *Julia Teaching the St Simon's Children: "Emma You My Darlin'"*

[facing p. 192]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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31. "Cap'n" Joe

[facing p. 193]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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32. St. Simon's Shanty Singers

[facing p 224]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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St. Simon's Island

33. Janey Jackson, Born at Kelvin Grove, St. Simon's, in 1826—Died in 1936

34. Milly Polecat, the Witch Doctor

[facing p. 225]

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the money thus obtained they bought extra clothing, coffee, sugar, and what was with them the chief necessity of life, tobacco.[31]

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R. W. Roper estimated in 1844, in an address delivered in Columbia, S. C., before the State Agricultural Society, that it cost a planter $11.52 annually to feed a slave.[32] His estimate was based upon the following rations: twelve bushels of corn at 50 cents a bushel, twelve quarts of salt at 1 cent a quart, two pounds of bacon a week at 4½ cents a pound, and twelve pounds of tobacco a year at 6 cents a pound. While the prices quoted in 1844 were, of course, not the same for each year of the ante-bellum period, they approximated fairly closely the general average.

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Clothing cost the planter considerably less. St. Helena planters ordinarily allowed each slave two suits a year, one for summer and another for winter. Thomas A. Coffin, of Coffin's Point plantation, gave out in April for every 200 hands 500 yards of men's blue cotton cloth, like the material used in workmen's clothes in the North, 600 yards of coarse unbleached cotton shirting for the men, 600 yards of the same material for women's underclothes, 600 yards of calico in gay colors for frocks, 100 handkerchief pieces, and 100 straw hats for men. In November he issued 550 yards of stout woolen cloth for men's clothes and 600 yards of thinner woolen for women, 1,200 yards of unbleached cloth for shirts and underclothes, 100 turban handkerchiefs for the women, 100 warm caps for the men; 200 pairs of shoes, and 67 blankets of assorted sizes. The house servants got hose and flannels in addition to

[31] Pierce, "Report," *Rebellion Record*, sup., I, 310.
[32] R. W. Roper, "Address," *Southern Agriculturist*, new ser., V, no. 3, p. 89.

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these supplies,[33] and the drivers four suits a year, instead of the usual two suits received by field hands.

Roper estimated that the average yearly cost of clothing was $6.12 a slave as follows: six yards of woolens at 55 cents a yard, six yards of summer homespun at 10 cents a yard, a pair of shoes at 90 cents, a hat, cap, or handkerchief at 25 cents, a blanket every three years at $4 a blanket, and needles, thread, buttons, and trimmings at 24 cents a year.[34] This estimate brought the average cost of food and clothing to $17.64 a slave.[35]

Upon adding to this estimate the expense of providing a house, medical care, and incidentals, one finds that the cost to the master amounted to a little less than $50. When it is remembered that two or more slaves were fed and clothed for every taskable hand, it will be seen that the cost per hand ran between $75 and $100 a year, equivalent to wages of about $7 or $8 a month. In 1860 a day laborer was receiving in South Carolina 82 cents a day without board and a farm hand $11.37 a month with board, only a few dollars more than it cost a planter to maintain each taskable hand.[36] When it is considered that slaves, unskilled and often poorly supervised, cultivated only six acres to the hand, it will be seen that the plantation operated not only at a low wage level, but also at a low level of efficiency.

The type of houses provided for the slaves varied with the plantation management, as did every other phase of the plantation routine. When Timothy Ford, of Morris

[33] MS in Port Royal Correspondence.
[34] Roper, *op. cit.*, p. 89.
[35] Phillips, *Plantation and Frontier*, I, 135. Louis Manigault, of Argyle Island, estimated that food and clothing for 1838 cost him about $21 a slave.
[36] *U. S. Census of Mortality and Miscellaneous Statistics*, 1860, p. 512.

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to the people themselves by the respectful title of Maum. The mistress herself or the overseer's wife was also usually present to assist the midwife at the confinement of a Negro woman. At Christmas the planter rewarded the granny by giving her 75 cents for each delivery during the year. He also might seek to encourage the mother to care for her child properly by giving her, perhaps, as much as a $1 for every living child she had at Christmas. Henry A. Middleton, Jr.'s, practice was to give every woman with an infant one month old $1 and the same amount to every woman with a year-old child. At Christmas in 1859, he rewarded twenty-six mothers with month-old infants, and fourteen mothers with year-old infants.[59]

St. Helena planters allowed new-born infants "two of each garment and six diapers."[60] The garments were flannel dresses, dresses of cotton checks, and jackets of homespun.[61]

As soon as a mother resumed work after confinement, she was often required to take her infant to a nurse or granny, whose task it was to take care of both the "lap babies" and the "knee babies" during working hours. Sometimes the same granny looked after the plantation babies year after year, while on other plantations this task was assigned to a group of women who took turns every month "minding child." Henry A. Middleton, Jr., rewarded the "monthly nurses" on his plantation "75c. for infants that live." As long as a mother suckled her infant, she left her work in the field at stated intervals to do so, or an older child brought the baby to the field to be fed.

[59] Wechaw Plantation Book.
[60] *Port Royal Letters*, p. 44.
[61] Wechaw Plantation Book.

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shake; to keep silent in the presence of elders and otherwise to show respect for age. Some of the missionaries who arrived on St. Helena Island shortly after the opening of the Civil War were indignant at the harsh treatment the children received at the hands of their parents. "I don't suppose these children ever received a caress or a word of tenderness since they were infants," wrote Arthur Sumner. "The children are invariably spoken to in harsh and peremptory tones by all grown niggers, and are whipped unmercifully on the least offence. Yet they are very obedient to their parents, and certainly stand much more in awe of adult darkies than they do of us mild-eyed missionaries."[29] Miss Towne concluded that parents were not really harsh to their children, but that their rough way of ordering them about, threatening to "skin um 'live" and to "bro'k um back," merely sounded savage. All visitors to the Sea Islands, either as guests of the master before the War or as missionaries, agreed that the children, despite the rough treatment from their parents and despite the fact that they seemed to have no games,[30] were a happy, carefree lot. Sir Charles Lyell thought the Hopeton plantation children had "such bright, happy faces when three or four years old, and from that age to ten or twelve . . . such frank and confiding manners, as to be very engaging."[31] Yet all were horrified by the fact that their mothers permitted them to run about in summer completely nude, a practice which people of today, with their recent adoption of the sunbath theory, would be inclined to approve.

[29] Arthur Sumner Papers, St. Helena Island, July 9, 1863.
[30] *Letters from Port Royal*, p. 192n.
[31] Lyell, *Second Visit to the United States*, I, 263.